

DELL
PUBLICATIONS
200 EAST 10TH ST.
DALLAS, TEXAS 75201

MARCH

10c

ROY ROGERS

and **TRIGGER**



YOU'LL HAVE FUN
WITH THIS **MAGIC**
PLAY SLATE!



And best of all, it's FREE to every new subscriber to Roy Rogers comics. Tic-Tac-Toe, Hangman and Don-Tor-Dor boxes are three games all set up on this Magic Play Slate. Play a game—lift the flap and presto, you're ready to start a new game. Use it over and over again without even having a pencil—all it takes is the wooden stylus which comes with each game.

Don't wait! It's FREE! The Magic Play Slate and a membership card in the Dell Comics Club. Just subscribe now to Roy Rogers comics... 12 big issues cost just \$1.20. If you are already a subscriber, you can still take advantage of this FREE offer. We'll start your new subscription when your present one expires.



A PLEDGE TO PARENTS



The Dell Trademark is, and always has been, a positive guarantee that the comic magazine bearing it contains only clean and wholesome entertainment. The Dell code eliminates entirely, rather than regulates, objectionable material. That's why when your child buys a Dell Comic you can be sure it contains only good fun. "Dell Comics are good comics" is our only credo and constant goal.

CUT ON DOTTED LINE PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY.

Mail To: DELL PUBLISHING CO., INC. DEPT. 388
10 W. 33rd St., New York 1, N. Y.

Please enter subscription to **ROY ROGERS AND TRIGGER** Comics. Include Free Magic Play Slate and Dell Comics Club Membership Certificate.

Name Age
St. and No.
City Zone State

I am enclosing remittance for \$1.20 in full payment.
(If this is a gift subscription please fill in below. List any additional names on separate sheet.)

ENCLOSE GIFT CARD TO READ FROM

Donor's Name
St. and No.
City Zone State

Roy Rogers

THE LONG CHANCE

and **TRIGGER**

DID YOU HAD
PETE GRUNDY AND
HIS GANG, ROY?

NO! GRUNDY MUST HAVE
KANGAROO BLOOD IN HIM!
HE AND HIS BOYS WERE ALWAYS
ONE JUMP AHEAD OF US! THEY
JUST KEPT ON BUSTLING HORSES
AS THOUGH WE WEREN'T EVEN ON
THEIR TRAIL!

ROY ROGERS RETURNS
FROM A HANGOUT TO
FIND MORE TROUBLE
WAITING AT HIS RANCH...

HI THERE,
BULLET!

SLIK, RISE TRIGGER DOWN,
WILL YOU? AND FEED
AND WATER HIM.

SURE WILL,
MR. ROGERS!

AS SOON AS I'VE HAD
SOMETHING TO EAT, I'LL
TAKE UP THE TRAIL
AGAIN!

I COULD'VE LED YOU
STRAIGHT TO THOSE
ORLHOOTS, ROY! THAT
PETERP' COURSE I TOOK
BY MAIL TELLS YOU
JUST HOW TO DO IT!

THE LAST TIME YOU
PLAYED BLOODHOUND,
DUSTY YOU LANDED
THE SHERIFF IN THE
MIDDLE OF THE
CREEK!

YEAH? WELL, JUST
HOW ARE YOU
FIGURIN' ON CATCHING
THE GRUNDY GANG?

FOOTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3578 to 24 West Avenue, New York 11, N. Y.
ROY ROGERS AND TRIGGER: Vol. 3, No. 115, March, 1957. Published monthly by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 345 Fifth
Ave., New York 18, N. Y. George T. Delacorte, Jr., President. Helen Meyer, Vice-President. Albert F. Dabrowski, Vice-President.
Entered as second-class matter, June 9, 1951 at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription
in U.S.A. and Canada: \$3.50 per year (except subscribers to West Side Street, New York 1, N. Y. \$4.00 per year). Roy Rogers Properties, Inc. All rights reserved. Printed in U.S.A. Mailed and broadcast by
Western Printing and Lithography Co. Except those who have indicated the gift of their names before the motion picture
theaters, booklets and magazines mentioned or portrayed in this periodical are entirely complimentary and gratuitous, and no con-
sideration shall extend beyond them as such, in return or otherwise, to anyone.
CHANGED BY ADDRESS: Please send in five years in advance of the next issue date. Give both
year old and new address including if possible your old address label.

DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS



WELL, WE DIDN'T, BUT I THINK I KNOW WHO DID!... YOU LAY OFF ME, ROGERS-- AND I'LL GET IT BACK FOR YOU! YOU'VE BEEN CROWDIN' ME -- AND I NEED ELBOW ROOM!



I'M A DEPUTY SHERIFF, GRUNDY, AND THE LAW DOESN'T BARGAIN!

THOUGHT YOU'D SAY THAT-- WOULDN'T HAVE MUCH USE FOR YOU IF YOU HADN'T! TELL YOU WHAT... I'LL GET THAT MONEY, IF YOU GIVE ME A HALF-HOUR'S START BEFORE YOU PICK UP MY TRAIL!



AFTER A MOMENT'S THOUGHT, ROY REPLIES...



IT'S A LONG CHANCE-- BUT I'LL TAKE IT!

YOU PLEASIN' ME YOUR WORD?

MY WORD, GRUNDY!

KNOWIN' YOU ME ROGERS, THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME!



MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE THE RANCH HOUSE...



HI, SHERIFF!

WHERE'S ROY? WE'VE GOT A LEAD ON PETE GRUNDY!

GET RID OF THAT ROGGE,
ROGERS! I DON'T WANT
TO HAVE TO DO
ANY SHOOTIN'!

I'LL TALK
TO THEM!

BOY! HANK, HERE, SAW PETE
GRUNDY HIGH-TAILING IT OVER THE
HILLS IN THIS DIRECTION!

WE PICKED UP
HIS TRAIL AND
IT LED STRAIGHT
TO YOUR DOOR!

THEN I'LL
PROBABLY
LEAD STRAIGHT
OUT AGAIN!

WELL, DON'T STAND THERE
LIKE A MITCHIN' POST, BOY!
WE'VE GOT TO GET THAT
SCHOOL MONEY BACK!

I'VE GOT SOME LEADS
I WANT TO FOLLOW UP
ON MY OWN, SHERIFF!
I'LL GET IT BACK!

OKAY! AND
JUST AS A
FAVOR -- GET
GRUNDY WALKS
YOUR'S ABOUT
IT!

NICE BOYN', ROGERS!
COULDN'T HAVE DONE
BETTER MYSELF!

YOU DON'T HAVE TO USE
PUSSY AS A HOSTAGE! I
PROMISED TO GIVE YOU
A HALF-HOUR'S START --
OR DO YOU DOUBT
MY WORDS?

'COURSE NOT! BUT
I FORGOT TO ASK
GRANDPA HERE
TO GIVE HIS
WORD!

SCARED OF
ME, THAT'S
WHAT HE IS!
KNOWS I'M
A REAL
DETECTIVE --
WITH A DIPLOMA TO
PROVE IT!



FIFTEEN MINUTES PASS AND SLIM IS ON HIS WAY BACK TO REPORT TO ROY...



ROY-- SPEAK TO ME! SAY SOMETHING!

WHAT--WHAT TIME IS IT?



WHAT DO YOU CARE WHAT TIME IT IS? FIND A WAY TO GET US OUT OF THIS ROPE BARNNESS!

COOL OFF! WE'LL BE RESCUED IN A COUPLE OF MINUTES!



MR. ROGERS! WHO HOSTED YOU?

PETE GRUNDY!



...IF YOU WERE SO SURE GRUNDY WAS GOING TO TIE US UP, WHY DIDN'T YOU STOP HIM, ROY?

IT WAS THE WRONG TIME TO ARGUE WITH A FORTY-FIVE! BESIDES, I FIGURED SLIM WOULD REPORT BACK PRETTY SOON!



SEE YOU LATER! BULLET AND I ARE GOING TO PICK UP GRUNDY'S TRAIL!

WAIT FOR ME, ROY! HOW CAN I BE A DETECTIVE UNLESS I'VE GOT SOMETHIN' TO DETECT?

BUT BOY IS
IN A HURRY
TO CATCH UP
WITH PETE
GRUNDY...

GRUNDY'S TRAIL LED
STRAIGHT INTO TOWN!
THE MAN HE SUSPECTS
MUST BE HERE!
COME ON, BULLET!
LET'S FIND HIM!



THAT HORSE BEHIND SETH
COLE'S HARDWARE STORE - JUST
BEEN RIDDEN! AND
HARD, TOO!



WAIT HERE, BULLET! IF
ANYONE COMES OUT, HOLD
HIM FOR ME!



SETH COLE! AND HE'S FIGHTING
WITH GRUNDY? I SURE NEVER
SUSPECTED HIM!
I'D BETTER GO IN!

YOU TOOK THAT SCHOOL
MONEY, SETH COLE!
AND I SWEAR BY
WORD TO ROGERS
I'LL GET IT BACK!

I DIDN'T TAKE
IT! I NEVER Laid
A FINGER ON
THE MONEY!









GRINNIN', OUTSIDE THE HARDWARE STORE...





RECKONABLE IN A SMALL DISAPPOINTED BARN, PETER GRUNDY'S GANG RELAXES...









I NEVER STOLE FROM ANY FUTURE! I DON'T PICK ON ANYBODY WHO CAN'T TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF! AN' IF ANY OF MY BOYS HAVE, THEY'LL ANSWER TO ME!

DON'T YOU GO TRYIN' TO WARN TOM, OR I'LL PUNG YOU MYSELF, SID JESUP!

I WAS JUST GOIN' TO KEEP A LOOKOUT FOR THAT POSSE ROGERS MIGHT HAVE FOLLOWIN' HIM!



IS THERE A POSSE FOLLOWIN' YOU, ROY?

NOT THAT I KNOW OF!



THEN RUSTLE UP SOME COFFEE FOR OUR GUESTS, JESUP! YOU'VE GOT NO MORE MANNERS THAN A BEAR!



MADE QUITE A HAUL FROM THAT JEWELRY STORE, DIDN'T YOU, GRADY?

YUP! Y'KNOW, ROY... YOU'VE GOT THE WRONG SLANT ON THIS PICK-UP BUSINESS! IT'S A... A KIND O' GAME!...



...WHEN A GUY PUTS HIS MONEY IN A BANK OR A SAFE, HE'S PRACTICALLY DRIVING ME TO TRY AND GET IT! IF HE'D LEFT IT OUT IN THE OPEN, IT WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN ANY FUN!



...NOW, IF YOU'D THROW
IN WITH US, BOY, WE
COULD DO BIG THINGS!

DON'T LISTEN
TO HIM, BOY!
HE'S TEMPTIN'
YOU DOWN THE
ROAD OF SIN!

THERE'S NOTHING TEMPTING ABOUT
DOING WRONG! ALL A PERSON GETS
OUT OF IT IS TROUBLE!

YOU CAN'T GO INTO A RECENT CAFE,
OR LIVE IN A RECENT HOUSE! YOU CAN'T
EVEN OWN A HORSE FOR FEAR
SOMEONE WILL RECOGNIZE IT!

ALL THAT STOLEN
MONEY CAN BUY IS
HATE AND GRIEF---
EVEN FROM YOUR
OWN MEN!

LOOK OUT,
GRUNNY! HE'S
GUNNING FOR
YOU!

LET ME AT HIM, BOY!
I'LL TEACH HIM NOT TO
PLUG ME WHEN
MY BACK IS
TURNED!







FOURTY MINUTES LATER...



THEN, NEAR SUNSET, PETE GRUNDY STOPS AT A SMALL STREAM.





HOW'D YOU
KNOW WHERE
TO FIND
ME?

I DIDN'T! I
FIGURED THAT
WHERE YOU WERE
HEADING, YOU'D BE
NEEDING WATER!
SO I JUST MADE
FOR THIS STREAM!



HEY - YOU'RE GOOD!... BUT
THEN, YOU'D HAVE TO BE TO
CATCH PETE
GRUNDY!



IN A WAY, I'M SORRY! TELL YOU
WHAT, PETE!... I'LL SPEAK TO THE
WARDEN AND SEE IF HE CAN MAKE
YOUR CELL AS COMFORTABLE AS
POSSIBLE!



AND BY THE WAY, GRUNDY! YOU'D
BETTER GIVE ME BACK YOUR
WATCH! YOU WON'T BE NEEDING
IT IN JAIL! BESIDES, IT
BELONGS TO THE ELITE
JEWELRY STORE!

TELL 'EM IT
KEEPS GOOD TIME!
THINK I'LL BUY
ONE WHEN I
GET OUT!



AN! YOU KNOW WHAT BOY?
I MIGHT EVEN GO STRAIGHT, SEEM AS
HOW YOU RECOMMEND IT SO HIGHLY!

YOU'LL NEVER REGRET
IT, GRUNDY! AND IT'S A
LOT MORE FUN THAN
BEING A HUNTED OUTLAW!

Bailey's Cow

Copyright 1987 by Western Printing & Litho Co.

As Tom Bailey turned another spadeful of black dirt, he looked toward his small cabin close by and grinned at the smoke rising from the rock chimney. Then he wiped the grime from his face and set to work again. He had a lot of land to turn over before he could start planting. The winter ahead would be long and bleak, and they would need a lot of crops to see them through.

Five weeks had slipped by since Tom and his wife arrived at this spot. They had travelled a long way from the east, and when they saw the sloping hills, the green grass, and the bubbling stream, they knew this was where they wanted to build their home. The log cabin had gone up fast, and the one cow they had brought with them was thriving on the tall grass that grew all around. The milk she gave them was rich and delicious. And Tom knew that, with supplies getting low, until his seeds were planted and ready to harvest, she was their main source of nourishment.

But one morning, Tom awoke to find that the cow was missing. "She must have broken her tie rope and wandered away," he thought, and he set off to follow the deep tracks that made a trail in the soft ground.

The trail wound through dense pine forests and then came out into a little clearing. Tom drew back and gasped. There, in the clearing, was a tiny shack, and his cow was tied up beside it.

As Tom stepped forward, a huge, bearded figure appeared. In his hands was an owl-looking rifle aimed at Tom's chest.

Tom stopped short. Words failed him. But then he cleared his throat.

"Uh . . . th-thank you for . . . for finding my cow," he stammered.

The bearded man glanced toward the cow. "I didn't exactly find her, mister! I took her from your cabin! Reckon you didn't notice

my footprints on account of these burlap socks I wear for shoes?"

"What do you mean . . . you TOOK her?"

"Just exactly that!" The bearded man's attitude was casual. "I've had an eye on you for weeks, mister! You're settling on my land! Had this area staked out for months for trapping! Along you come . . . build on my land . . . so now, unless you get out fast, I'm claimin' everything on it!"

Tom felt hot anger rising in his breast. "I saw no markers!" he blurted out. "And this land is open to settlers! You've no right to claim so much land!"

"Mister!" The bearded man was sneering openly now. "I was here first! And unless you're gone by tomorrow, I'm comin' to see you and your wife with this rifle!"

Tom wheeled and walked away, but he could sense that the rifle was still pointed at his back. His breath came in short gasps, but he walked straight and even.

Back at his cabin, Tom went toward his own rifle on the wall. His wife's queries were answered only with a grunt as he stalked out again.

It was late afternoon as Tom came in sight of the old shack again.

His cow still stood tied outside. With the rifle on ready, he walked slowly toward the shack. But then, a voice from behind made him freeze.

"Figured you'd try something like this!" the bearded man hissed as he slipped from behind a tall pine. "So now I'm not waitin' till tomorrow!"

Just as Tom was about to turn and face the big man, he heard a loud clatter and saw a sudden flash of brilliant light blind his enemy. In one terrifying instant, Tom knew that this was his chance. He brought his rifle up to blast the other's weapon to the ground.

Then, as the big man stood helpless and bewildered, Tom glanced at the cow. Scared by the noise, it had kicked over a shiny pail, which had flashed into the man's eyes for a split second.

Later, Tom watched the man ride off toward the horizon and knew, somehow, that he would never return. Then he walked over to the cow which was complacently munching grass.

Roy Rogers' Horse **TRIGGER**

SAVED BY A ROPE



HE ONLY HIT THE BAR A LITTLE BIT!...

WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE? HE HIT IT, DIDN'T HE?



IF YOU WANT TO LEARN TO JUMP A HORSE, YOU MUST FIRST LEARN TO FEEL HIS CENTER OF BALANCE — AND KEEP YOUR WEIGHT OVER IT AT ALL TIMES!

I DO THAT!



PERHAPS YOU AND TRIGGER WOULD LIKE TO TRY IT AGAIN, AND I CAN WATCH YOU AND OFFER SOME ADVICE!

NO!



NO THANK YOU! WE'VE DONE ENOUGH JUMPING FOR TODAY, HAVEN'T WE TRIGGER?

AS YOU WISH!



I RIDE NOW TO THE LOADING FENCE! THERE IS WORK TO DO! IF YOU CHANGE YOUR MIND, LET ME KNOW!



WHEEE
GEE!

OH, TRIGGER! WHY DO I ACT SO MEAN TO GRANDPATER? IF ONLY HE WOULD/TREAT ME LIKE A LITTLE BOY WHO DOESN'T KNOW ANYTHING!



BUT SOON, THE INCIDENT IS FORGOTTEN...

WHEEEEEE!
SHORT! SHORT!

COME ON, TRIGGER! LET'S
TAKE A RUN TO THE MOUNTAINS!



LOOK! A LITTLE DITCH,
LET'S JUMP IT!

BUT TRIGGER SEES THE DANGER AND REFS AWAY...

WACK! JUMP!
WHY ARE YOU
TURNING?



YOU'RE NOT
AFRAID OF THAT
LITTLE ARROYO,
ARE YOU?

GRUEE!
SHORT!



DON'T BE AFRAID, TRIGGER! COME ON!
WE WILL BACK OFF AND TRY IT AGAIN!





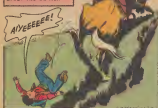
BUT AGAIN, CHICO REPEATS THE SAME
MISTAKE--HIS WEIGHT IS TOO FAR BACK...



TRIGGER'S HAND FEET FALL SHORT...



AND ALTHOUGH
TRIGGER SCRAMBLES
TO SAFETY CHICO
LOSES HIS SEAT...



AND TUMBLES DOWN INTO THE ARROYO...





UNDERSTANDING CIRCUS ARTIST TRIGGER BACKS OFF A LITTLE WAY FROM THE EDGE OF THE ABYSS, AND ...

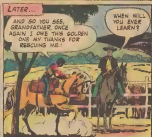


HE ROLLS AND ROLLS, TRYING TO LOOSEN THE COIL OF ROPE FROM HIS SADDLE...



UNTIL FINALLY, HE SUCCEEDS...





CHUCK WAGON CHARLEY'S TALES



"MIKE RICHARDS WAS A TEXAS RANGER... AND HE WAS A STUBBORN ONE. HE NEVER WOULD GIVE UP TILL HE GOT HIS MAN!"

"HE'S A MATTER OF FACT, MIKE HAD ONE CASE HE'D BEEN WORKING ON FOR FIVE YEARS. THE CASE WAS CLOSED WHEN MIKE'S MAN WAS REPORTED DEAD. THEN, ONE DAY, A NEW LEAD TURNED UP."

"I'VE GOT A FRESH LEAD IN HAMBLE. FRIGGERS NER' CREEP! HE'S SUPPOSED TO BE WORKING ON A RANCH IN TEXAS. SICK, AND GOING BY THE NAME OF JACK SMITH!... I'D LIKE TO CHECK ON IT! NOW!"

"WE CLOSED THE BOOKS ON THAT HORROR WHEN WE HEARD HE WAS KILLED IN THAT (GAIN) WHOP! BEFORE HE HAD ALREADY SENT BACK ALL THE MONEY TO THE (JUNKIE) NAME... SAID HE'D JUST BORROWED IT FOR AN EMERGENCY!"



"...THE BANK DON'T WANT TO PAYER CHARGES - WE HAVENT HAD ANOTHER SAFE - CROOKS THAT EVEN (GAIN) LIKE HIS KIND OF JOB! SO WHY DON'T YOU FORGET IT?"



"HE'S TOO DANGEROUS A MAN TO HAVE ON THE LOOSE! THERE HAVT A SAFE IN THE COUNTRY HE COULDN'T CRACK! IF HE (GAIN) ALIVE, I WANT HIM WHERE I CAN KEEP AN EYE ON HIM!"

"ALL RIGHT... IF YOU FEEL THAT STRONG... GO UP TO TEXAS. SICK AND TAKE A LOOK AROUND!"

"IT DIDN'T TAKE RANGER MIKE RICHARDS LONG TO REACH HIS DESTINATION, AND SOON..."



"YOU GOT A MAN NAMED JACK SMITH WORKING ON THIS RANCH?"

"SURE DO. WE'VE OUR FOREMAN! THAT'S HIM OVER THERE!"



"MR. SMITH? I'M RANGER MIKE RICHARDS! I'D LIKE TO ASK YOU A FEW QUESTIONS!"

"WHY, SURE! FIRE AWAY!"





"HE TWISTED AND TURNED THE DIAL, HAPPY!
AGAINST HOPE THAT HE'D FIND THE ANSWER...



"HE LISTENED REAL CLOSE TO THE CRYING OF
THE DIAL... THEN, REAL GENTLE, HE TURNED
THE DIAL...



"EVERYONE IN THAT BANK WAS HOLDING
BIS BREATH WHEN SMITH KNOCKED UP
AND MANAGED TO TORN THE HANDLE
OF THE LOCKS...



"AN' IT
WORKED!"

"HAPPY!
THE BOY'S
ALL RIGHT!"

"HOO, BOY! NEVER SAW
ANYTHING LIKE THAT IN
ALL MY DAYS!"



"I'LL KNIGT, KONGEE! NOW YOU KNOW
THE TRUTH! LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE FOUND
THE MAN YOU WERE LOOKING FOR!"



"JOY SAITH - AN' MOST LIKELY WIFE, HIMSELF -
AREN'T FISHED ON WHAT KIND OF MAN MOORE
REMARKS WERE UNDER ALL THAT STUBBERNESS!"

"I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT! THE
MAN I'M LOOKING FOR WAS KILLED IN A TOWN
WRECK! - SO LONG, SMITH! IT WAS A REAL
PLEASURE MEETING YOU!"



FATHERS! the **SPRING TYPE AIR RIFLE** is the **SAFEST "FIRST GUN"** for training your children



for training
your children



HERE ARE THE FACTS: The springtype air rifle is not a lethal weapon, gas, pellet or compressed air gun. It cannot be "jammed up" to increase power. Instead, it is a low "factory loaded" power, short range spring type "360" air rifle. Safely used by millions of American youngsters during the past 65 years to learn proper gun handling and marksmanship. GOSPEL is the only American made springtype air rifle. It is APPROVED for and used in the short 14 foot distance paper training programs shown below. Start your child the safer springtype way.



MERIT BADGE SHOOTING

Springtype rifles Approved for use in the Marksmanship Merit Badge program of The Boy Scouts of America



44 CLUB SHOOTING

Springtype rifles Approved for the Junior 44 Club program sponsored by Y.M.C.A., U.M.W., other youth clubs



NRA AWARD SHOOTING

Springtype rifles Approved for the National Rifle Association Junior Training Program, models may be won.

THE SHORT "CAR-LENGTH" 15-FOOT SHOOTING RANGE

Some other reasons why springtype rifles are best for training boys and girls in marksmanship: (1) The official 1928, springtype shooting range is only 15 feet—less than the length of your car, a garage or room 20 feet long is just "tough." (2) Safety-type carts stuffed with magazines are safe backstops. (3) Rifles cool so little. (4) Two ammunition cool so only 5c for over 125 shots! (5) Fathers, too, can use a springtype for house target work.



HUNTER SAFETY INSTRUCTION

Spring-type rifles ideal for Hunter Safety Instruction Program and for "Father and Son" field training fun.



SUMMER CAMP RIFLE

Springtype rifles used in hundreds of camps teaching Junior Spring-Type Air Rifle, many awards may be won.

MAIL COUPON

Write the Institute for literature on springtype rifle training plus 16-page "Air Rifle Club" Brochure.



Father's great thrill—giving his son that "first gun!"



A springtype rifle is best and safest for "first gun" training.

PLEASE
MAIL THIS
CARD

JUNIOR SAFETY INSTITUTE OF AMERICA

225 N. Michigan, Suite A-1905, Chicago 1, Ill.

Send literature promptly. I enclose this to be sent to one mailing/parenting.

My ☐ son ☐ daughter would like to read this and

Name _____

Age _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

Day _____

Even _____

Week _____

Write Group Name, (if any) below here.



JUNIOR SAFETY INSTITUTE

225 N. Michigan, Suite A-1905, Chicago 1, Ill.

The Meanest Outlaw



The meanest outlaw in the history of the West was neither Jesse James nor Sam Bass, but a cool black bucking horse called "Midnight."

Faired in Alberta, Midnight was raised like any ordinary cow pony. Then, at the age of three, when he was first saddled, it was discovered that no rider could stay on him. It was not surprising that such an explosive animal should make rodeo history.

For fourteen years, Midnight's hunting body and lashing hoofs grounded the top bronc peelers of North America. His owners freely pitted him against the best broncbusters in the business—and he threw them all. Soon it was a distinction to have been bucked off by the famous horse.

Finally, in 1933, when Midnight was seventeen years old, he was ridden twice in Fort Worth, Texas, by a cowboy whose name has been forgotten. Rather than see him ridden again, his owners retired him forever.

Midnight was taken to a Colorado ranch where he lived out his years in pampered ease until he died, at the age of twenty, in 1938.

He was given a burial ceremony, as if he had been a Kentucky Derby winner, and, to this day, a tombstone marks the grave of the West's meanest outlaw.

COPYRIGHT 1961 BY WILLIAM MARSHALL RAYMOND CO.



time to get a **DAISY** and get in on the **FUN!**

THE FAMOUS DAISY PUMP GUN

And here is the "King of All Air Rifles" — the 20 shot barrel-bred Daisy Pump repeater that takes sport and recreation to a whole new exciting surprise in fun or outdoors! Push off jump from cocking pump and upon sight adjustable for distance. **Non-toxic! Non-lethal! Non-damaging! Non-noise!** New bright plastic gun case. New wood. **Blind "Survival"** no noise. With 2 Packs of BB's. No. 20 only \$13.95!

HOW TO GET YOUR DAISY...

USE THIS PAGE! USE
THAT JUNIOR SAFETY INSTITUTE
AD! TEAR IT OUT OF BOOK and
GIVE IT TO DAD. ASK
HIM TO READ IT
TOMORROW AFTER
DINNER!



Where to Buy DAISYS

At hardware, sports, gunnery, national chain or department stores. If dealer out of stock, send coupon and price of article wanted to factory (with your name, address) we'll ship postpaid!

Send 3c Stamp for

FREE

DAISY AIR RIFLE CATALOG! Heavy

MAIL NOW!

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Dept. C 1007 PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U.S.A.
I would like to know the details and send free
Daisy Catalog please if:
My Dad ☐ or Mom ☐ Dad ☐ or Dad Not ☐ Send
the Air Operator's Book (booklet) too!

Name _____

St. & No. _____

City _____ State _____

NEW DAISY EAGLE WITH REAL 2X "SCOPE MOUNTED!"

Here's a really super air rifle all your pals are getting! This brand new Daisy Eagle looks exactly like real air scope rifle. Scope with 2x magnifier! Full colored decorated stock and silver line fore-end—both resembling carved real scope rifle of custom grade rifle! Heavy top grade leather sling! Golden decorated trigger mechanism! An 800-shot magazine! 27" long! Many other features! With Less Cape Scope Rack, 2 Packs of BB's! No. 26 only \$13.95!



No. 26 with
SCOPE MOUNTED

\$13.95

No. 24
\$8.95

No. 24 Daisy
RED STICK CONTROL
CARRIAGE ONLY

World's most popular
for kids! Loads from
handles. No moving
parts! No middle rifle
Carriage! New Golden
Red Hoyer deco-
rated leather har-
dwood With 2 Packs of
BB's No. 24 only \$8.95

No. 23
PUMP GUN
\$9.95

From 1890s to 1900s the
Daisy No. 23 Carriage
Great Dorian model
From 1890s to 1900s the
Daisy No. 23 Carriage
Great Dorian model



DAISY

SPRING-TYPE TRAINING AIR RIFLES

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, DEPT. C 1007 PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U.S.A.